And ſtabliſh your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious treaſon! yet I will conceale *aſide*
My ſecret thoughts, to ſound the depth of it.
My Lord of Cambridge, I do ſee your claime,
And what good may redound vnto the Land,
By proſecuting of this enterprize.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order ſuch an action? we are weake,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are ſtrong enough; you are belou'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
VVe are the light, and ſome will follow vs:
Nay, there is hope from France: here's an Ambaſſador
That promiſeth both men and money too.
The Commons likewiſe (as we heare) pretend
A ſodaine tumult, we will ioyne with them.
Cob. Some likely-hood, I muſt confeſſe, to ſpeed:
But how ſhall I beleeue this in plaine truth?
You are (my Lords) ſuch men as liue in Court,
And haue bene highly fauoured of the King,
Eſpecially Lord Scroope, whom oftentimes
He maketh choiſe for his bedfellow.
And you Lord Gray are of his priuy Counſell:
Is not this a traine laide to intrap my life?
Cam. Then periſh may my ſoule? what thinke you ſo?
Scr. Weele ſweare to you.
Gray. Or take the Sacrament.
Cob. Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and blood,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in worde.
I craue no other teſtimony but this.
That you would all ſubſcribe, and ſet your hands
Vnto this writing which you gaue to me.
Cam. With all our hearts: who hath any pen and inke?
Scr. My pocket ſhould haue one; O, heere it is.
Cam. Giue it me Lord Scroope. There is my name.

Scro.

Scr. And there is my name.
Gray. And mine.
Cob. Sir, let me craue that
name with theirs, for confirma
the King of France.
Char. That will I Noble Lo
Cob. So now this action is w
And I am for you; where's ou
Cam. Heere if you pleaſe, th
Cob. in Kent? agreed. Now
I hope your honors will not a
Cam. Yes preſently, for I ha
About ſoliciting of other frien
Scro. And we would not be
Leaſt thereby grow ſuſpition
Cob. Yet taſte a cup of wine
Cam. Not now my Lord, w
Cob. Farewell my Noble Lo
My noble villaines, baſe Con
How can they looke his High
Whom they ſo cloſely ſtudy t
But Ile not ſleepe vntill I mak
This head ſhall not be burthe
Nor in this heart will I conce
Of ſuch impiety againſt my K
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpoole and

L. Cobh. Y'are welcome h
Why ſeeme ye ſo diſquiet in y
What hath befalne you that c
L. Powis. Bad newes I am
Cob. Madam, not ſo: there
Long may ye liue, each ioy v
La. Po. So great a kindnes
reply, my ſenſe is quite confo
Cob. Let that alone: and M

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